

your side. Don't you think Americans expect more of us in terms of a very substantive debate on the floor of this House, not in a political forum but in a legislative policy forum? I would urge the gentleman to consider that objective.

If the gentleman has nothing further, I yield back the balance of my time.

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HOOR OF MEETING ON TOMORROW

Mr. CANTOR. Madam Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that when the House adjourns today, it adjourn to meet at 10 a.m. tomorrow, and further when the House adjourns on that day, it adjourn to meet at noon on Tuesday, July 17, 2012, for morning-hour debate and 2 p.m. for legislative business.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Ms. HERRERA BEUTLER). Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Virginia?

There was no objection.

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RULE BY THE FEW PLUTOCRATS THREATENS OUR REPUBLIC

(Ms. KAPTUR asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute.)

Ms. KAPTUR. Madam Speaker, I rise today to draw attention to how campaign super PACs are contributing unlimited campaign spending, which shifts enormous political power to the superwealthy. Rule by the few plutocrats truly threatens our Republic and greatly harms representative government.

Here is a great cartoon. It was in the Toledo Blade by Paul Kirk. It shows how the super PACs really have a stranglehold on the politics of this country.

With the Citizens United ruling by the Supreme Court, they threw away decades of legal precedent governing campaign contributions. The result has been a growing stranglehold by the money barons on good government and our political process. The American people know it, and they know we're not doing anything about it.

At a minimum, we should demand greater transparency of who is actually giving this money. No more hidden donors. I urge my colleagues to sign discharge petition 4010, which is here on the floor today, to move a bill for disclosure to the floor. What we really should do is pass a constitutional amendment to allow for campaign spending and contribution limits. I had that bill; and I've had that bill Congress, after Congress, after Congress. It's House Resolution 8. I encourage my colleagues to join me as cosponsors.

Let's do what Canada and Britain have done, and that's to rein in the control of the many by the few money barons.

□ 1330

MADE IN AMERICA, AN ECONOMIC SOLUTION

(Mr. ISRAEL asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks.)

Mr. ISRAEL. Madam Speaker, today we learn that American athletes competing in the Olympics will wear uniforms made in China. That not only hurts our pride; it hurts our economy.

"Made in America" is not just a label; it is an economic solution. Today there are 600,000 vacant manufacturing jobs in this country, and the Olympic committee is outsourcing the manufacturing of uniforms to China. That is not just outrageous; it is just plain dumb. It is self-defeating.

I understand and my constituents understand the hard work, the skills, and the dedication of athletes competing in the Olympics. I think the Olympic committee has to understand the hard work, the dedication, and the skills of America's apparel manufacturers, designers, and small businesses. That's why today I'm calling on the Olympic committee to reverse this decision and make sure that American athletes competing in the Olympics are competing with labels that say "Made in America."

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THE WORDS OF MARK HELPRIN

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 5, 2011, the gentleman from Texas (Mr. GOHMERT) is recognized for 60 minutes as the designee of the majority leader.

Mr. GOHMERT. Mark Helprin is an author who was educated at Harvard, Oxford, Princeton, Columbia, having also served in the British Merchant Navy and Israeli Military. I will simply convey his words in an article first printed in Hillsdale College's *Imprimis* 3 years before 9/11 propelled us into the realization that we had been at war for over 20 years, but only the other side knew it was a war, and also before we knew how crushing and debilitating our enormous debt would be and has become.

I've shortened the words a bit and provided them here as they express my heart more exquisitely than my own written words could:

When letters took a month by sea and the records of the United States Government could be moved in a single wagon pulled by two horses, we had great statesmanship. We had men of integrity and genius: Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Monroe. These were men who were in love with principle, as if it were an art, which in their practice they made it.

They studied empires that had fallen for the sake of doing what was right in a small country that had barely risen and were able to see things so clearly that they surpassed in greatness each and every one of the classical models that they had approached in awe.

Now, lost in the sins and complexity of a Xanadu, when we desperately need their high

qualities of thought, their patience of deliberation and their unerring sense of balance, we have only what we have, which is a political class that in the main has abandoned the essential qualities of statesmanship with the excuse that these are inappropriate to our age. They are wrong. Not only do they fail to honor the principles of statesmanship, they fail to recognize them, having failed to learn them, having failed to want to learn them.

In the main, they are in it for themselves. Were they not, they would have a higher rate of attrition, falling with the colors of what they believe rather than always landing on their feet—adroitly, but in dishonor. In light of their vows and responsibilities, this constitutes not merely a failure, but a betrayal. And it is a betrayal of not only statesmanship and principle, but of country and kin.

Why is that? It is because things matter. Even though it be played like a game by men who excel at making it a game, our life in this country, our history in this country, the sacrifices that have been made for this country, the lives that have been given to this country, are not a game. My life is not a game. My children's lives are not a game. My parents' lives were not a game. Your life is not a game.

Yes, it's true, we do have accumulated great stores of power, of wealth, and decency against which those who pretend to lead us can draw when, as a result of their vanities and ineptitudes, they waste and expend the gifts of previous generations. The margin of error bequeathed to them allows them to present their failures as successes.

They say, as we are still standing, and a chicken is in the pot, What does it matter if I break the links between action and consequence, work and reward, crime and punishment, merit and advancement? I myself cannot imagine a military threat and never could. So what does it matter if I weld shut the silo hatches on our ballistic missile submarines? What does it matter if I weld shut my eyes to the weapons of mass destruction in the hands of lunatics who are building long-range missiles?

Our jurisprudence is the envy of the world, so what does it matter if now and then I perjure myself a little? What is an oath? What is a pledge? What is a sacred trust? Are not these things the province of the kinds of people who were foolish enough to do without all of their lives, to wear ruts in the Oregon Trail, to brave the seas, to die on the beaches of Normandy and Iwo Jima, and on the battlefields of Shiloh and Antietam for me so that I can draw from America's great accounts and look good, and be Presidential, and have fun in all kinds of ways?

That is what they say—if not in words, then indelibly in actions. They who, in robbing Peter to pay Paul, present themselves as payers and forget that they are also robbers. They who, with studied compassion, minister to some of us at the expense of others. They who make goodness and charity a public profession, depending on their election upon a well-mannered embrace of these things and the power to move them not from within themselves or by their own sacrifices but, by compulsion, from others. They who, knowing very little or next to nothing, take pride in eagerly telling everyone else what to do. They who believe absolutely in their recitation of pieties, not because they believe in the pieties, but because they believe in themselves.

Nearly 400 years of America's hard-earned accounts, the principles we established, the battles we fought, the morals we upheld for century after century, our very humility before God, now flow promiscuously through our hands like blood onto sand, squandered and laid waste by a generation that imagines